Mrs. John A. Logan.

HE RETURNED A HERO.

Amelia E. Barr Tells a Story of a Prodigal Son and His Welcome Home-The

English Victories at Khyber Pass Re-

Christmas has not only a personal flavor:

it has a national one, derived from some

heart. On Christmas, 1843, I was at Broom

old, precociously observant and sympa-

thetic; therefore trembling and weeping to

and dangers of the women and children

Khyber Pass for their relief.

And just before this Christmas had come

the news that they hall been saved—that husbands and wives and children had met

again, while soldiers cheered and the mountain train guns roared out royal salutes and

the English flag was once more set blowing from the Bala Hissar of Cabul. All the

talk was of these events, and strange stories were told of dreams and omens and pre-sentiments relating to them. And I liked this better than the old cumbrous ceremonies

which were still kept intact in that lonely hall, and which indeed greatly wearied the 'Squire, though he would not forbid them. But as soon as dinner was over he escaped

to his private parlor, where he proposed to

vening paper.

go comfortably to sleep as usual over his

But this night something awakened his

heart, and he could not shut his eyes and forget. Twelve years before his son Willy

had left him in a passion. His mother had hoped and watched, and died calling him home, but Willy had never answered the call—and he had now been forgotten. At this day his father seldom remembered the

face that had been so beloved, and his

sisters sighed and spoke of something else.

This Christmas night, the 'Squire told us afterward, he could not get Willy out of his mind. He kept reminding himself of the lad—how he could run and wrestle and

ride and hunt, how the men envied him and the women loved him, and how proud he

himself had been of his beauty and clev-erness. He became nervous with the iter-

ation of the same thought, and finally took the handkerchief off his face and stood up.

The room had grown dark and the fire low, He rang for wood and a man entered with

an armful of ash logs. The 'Squire said: "Is that you, Baldy?" and the fellow nu-

swered: "My name is William. I be a new

The logs began to blaze, the 'Squire

passed over our heads.

called.



stories apropos of this day sent to THE DIS-PATCH by men and women whose names are familiar to everyone. No fitter introduction could be given them than this Christmas sentiment from E. W. Halterd, Becretary to President Harrison:

A happy Christmas is the rule, anything and so, when the day comes, "God bless us every one."

KEPT HIS ENGAGEMENT.

Nat Goodwin's Unlucky Adventures on a Christmas Night-He Met His Audience at the Expense of Frost Bites and Bruises-An Uncompleted Bridge.

The most evential Christmas I ever passed was just one year ago. We had played in Utica Christmas Eve and were to leave on an early morning train for Poughkeepsie. The company caught the train all right, but it was frightfully cold and a blizzard was raging. I decided to wait for a later train, which would reach Poughkeepsie just about 5 o'clock. Instead of clearing up, however, the storm grew worse, and the train that I waited for never came. It was stalled in a drift up the road somewhere. I began to realize then that it was a cold day for me in more senses than

one.
I tried to hire an engine, but didn't succeed, for there were none. I finally gave it up in despair and went back to the hotel George Appleton, my manager, was madof sterner stuff than I, however, and in about two hours had organized a party of stormbound passengers and persunde another railroad to make up a mixed train and try to get us through to the uncompleted bridge at Poughkeepsie. We would be lauded on the opposite side of the river, they said, but we could get across to the town by the ferry. The depot was about three miles outside of Utica and it took us three hours and quarter to reach it. There was no fire in the ears we secured and mighty little in the engine. At 8 o'clock Christmas night we were dumped out at the

The river was full of jagged masses of ice, and the terryboats had been compelled to stop running at 6 o'clock. There was no possible way of crossing except by the halfnished railroad bridge, and that was guarded at either end by watchmen, who had orders to allow no one to pass. More-



The Guard Was Obdur. te. over, there was no approach to the bridge, whose ice-clad buttress arose abruptly from the river's edge to a height of 100 feet or The other passengers stopped right there and sought shelter in neighboring hotel. I wanted to follow their good example, but Appleton wouldn't let me. He said we had gone ton far to turn back then, and besides a sturdy small boy at the hotel had offered to show as how to climb the bridge. He was rewarded in advance, and then we set out to battle with fate. The small boy took the end, Appleton followed him, I made a close third, and my valet, Jack, formed a kind of rearguard to look after my remains in case of accident. Our small guide led us straight to the huge buttress of the bridge, which was built of massive blocks of stone arranged in terrace form, from its broad base to its narrow apex. These terraces out 15 feet high and covered with to climb them unaided, but the boy was equal to the emergency. After prowling ut for a tew minutes he found a ladder which had been used by the workmen. can't begin to describe the difficulties and dangers of that climb. But at last we scrambled to the top, with clothes torn and hands bruised and bleeding. Fortunately, the watchman was walking toward the mid ille of the bridge, and we had a chance for a good start before he could stop us. After a short breathing spell Appleton, Jack and I began one perilous journey along the narrow footpath that stretched across the plastly looking iron work. But before we

circumstances it would make an excellent mut remark about it being a three-to-on-That watchman evidently thought we meditated murder, or some equally desperate crime, for his eyes fairly bulged from their sockets as he backed away from us as far as the parrow footpath would permit. We brushed by him instantly and continued on our way without any further interferend of the bridge, however, of different metal. He was as big as two of us and we didn't

had reached the middle of the bridge the

watchman stopped us and ordered us to go

argued, but it was no use. He wouldn't even take a bribe. Hereupon the boy Jack

the water looked awfully cold down below,

Appleton quickly added that under certain

oudly called my attention to the fact that

We pleaded and protested

On this page will be found some short | dare to attempt any bluff with him. He was even more obdurate than the other fellow. It began to look as though all our labor was to be in vain, when Appleton whispered to me to run while he engaged the watchman in conversation. Well, I scooted, and so did Jack, but we didn't scoot far, for we were brought to a sudden standstill by the abrupt termination of the bridge at the buttress. It was a sheer hun-dred feet to the ground and there was no else would be an exception. Christmas is not a national festival; it belongs to the world in recognition of the Unspeakable world in recognition of the Unspeakable Gift to all men. No human voice has better succeeded in pacifying the watch-man and came to our rescue with grim determination in his stride. He boldly jumped down the first terrace and called upon Jack and me to follow. Jack

insecure. I didn't dare to jump, so I com-promised by taking a kind of a toboggan

slide on my coat tail. It wasn't as exhil-arating or as fascinating as many other

slides I've had, but it was quite as exciting. In this way I reached terra firms in a some-

what dismantled condition. Incidentally I

bade a tearful goodby to my trousers next It was about two miles from the bridge to the Opera House and we had to foot it, be-cause there wasn't a vehicle abroad that night. We ran most of the way to keep from freezing, and after frightening a couple of women into hystorics, because they mis-understood our hurried request for information, we arrived at the theater at 9:15 and proceeded with the performance. As there was no time to change I went on just as I was, looking like a scarecrow on a Massachusetts farm. The audience was good natured, though, and readily forgave me when they learned what had happened. I shall never forget that trip and I wouldn't go through it again, even to elect Harrison. NAT C. GOODWIN.

SANTA CLAUS SNOWBOUND.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Tells How One of Her Early Christmases Came Near Being a Disappointment - A Brother's S:crifice-Watching the Beautiful Drifts,

was a devout believer in Santa Claus, or Better far than the quarto size book "St Nicholas," as I was taught to call the dear myth. He had never been munificently liberal with me, but he had brought me each year many necessities, in the way of a new dress, apron, hood and mittens, with one or two luxuries like a bright colored picture book, a toy, a doll or a stick of candy.

As many as possible of these gifts were stuffed into my expectant stocking, and the remainder were arranged about it, usually presenting quite an array.

I do not recollect that I ever received a wift at any other time of the year, and my anticipations of Xmas were naturally large ones. On this particular winter there had been an unusual fall of snow. A few days before Christmas a heavy storm set in and the snow fell incessantly, rendering the Wisconsin prairie roads impassable. My brother, who had been planning a trip to town, 14 miles distant, to obtain family supplies, was obliged to abandon the idea, as no vehicle or team could brest the huge

I began to worry about the arrival of "St. Nicholas." I believed that he jour-neyed about in his sleigh drawn by rein-deers, and I feared the blockade might inconvenience him. To my consternation my mother expressed similar doubts when I mentioned the matter. She said she feared he would find the roads impassable, and hoped I would be reasonable if such proved to be the case. But I found it imossible to be reasonable even in con templation of such a disaster. I talked of nothing else. I watched the still falling snow through tears, and I questioned eac grown member of the family concerning the probability of St. Nicholas' detention a score of times a day. The morning preced ing Christmas the weather cleared, but came off sharp and cold. The drifts were above the window sills on the west and

north sides of the house. I stood in a chair and gazed over wide expanses of snow, stretching away and away, like white seas with drift billows. Here and there, widely scattered, a distant chimnev lifted itself like the mast of a ship. Not a team passed the whole day. One or two neighbors climbed over the cresting tops of the drifts and haited each other like shipwrecked mariners, saying how impassable the roads were. My disappointment increased with the hours. As night fell I pressed my face against the window pane and peered into the darkness and list I hoped against reason to hear the jangle of approaching bells. With the falling of night my mother had grown hopeful and encouraging. She said it might be possible that St. Nicholas would come on foot. She had heard of his doing so in a few instances. Of course, in such cases he brought very few gifts, but he was expected to keep his yearly engagements by leaving some small

I retired to my bed, cheered by this faint hope. I hung up my stocking, as usual, and tried to keep my eyes and ears open to listen for the sound of St. Nicholas' foot-

steps, but I was soon sound asleep.
I awoke early, and, sitting up in bed, I glanced eagerly at my stocking. It hung on the nail seemingly as limp as when I placed it there. My heart sank in my breast. There was no array of parcels on the floor as in former years. St. Nicholas

I arose with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat and began to make my toilet. The day loomed before me, long and lonely. I had drawn on one stocking and reached to take the other from the nail, when lol something hard lay within it! and there was a brilliantly illustrated copy of "John Gilpin's Ride" rolled about a stick of candy

the barber pole candy that to-day looks more inviting to me than all the tempting boxes of Huyler or Tenny.

St. Nicholas came after all! Then, as I continued with my toilet, light-hearted and joyous, I found that the old stubbed-out

shoes had been replaced by shining copper-

toed new ones, and my Christmas Day was very bright and glad. Later in life I learned that my keen sorrow and disappointment so worked upon my brother's heart that he had ridden a horse through and over knee-deep drifts to the nearest store, seven miles distant, and brought home such trifles as his pockets already burdened with necessities for the

MY EARLY CHRISTMAS.

Some remembrance of Christmas, suffused with delight,
I bring at your summons, for it thrills me Its fine flavor drifts down from the doorway When to live was ecstatic-where trouble

and strife Were unknown; and each day glided si-'Neath the clearest, unclouded, cerulean Christmas Eve I hung up, by the fireplace's

christmas Eve I hung up, by the fireplace's side,
A slocking capacious, beseeching and wide—
Never doubting the miracle, old with renown,
Which made Santa Claus drop the long chimney down,
To fill that receiver with comfits and toys' Expected by all little girls and good boys. did so, but I hesitated. These 15 feet seemed like a precipice and the landing on the next terrace looked awfully hard and With the other I watched the Good Saint to



A Stocking Capacious, Esseeching and Wide But I never could catch him, in secrecy Though when morning arrived my broad

stocking was filled. Watching the Beautiful Drifts.

The holiday season recalls to me one Christmas morning in my childhood, when I had attained about my seventh year. I Was the swift, steel shod sled, on which Mabel and I Coasted down the long hill as a swallow

> She sat light on my lap, my first sweetheart And I held her soft hand so it might not be And her cheek came so near my lips as we That I helped her much better to stay on

might fly.

The mountain-high hill was too short I soor I wished it might circuit the planet around;



But since it would not the most consummate

Was to upset the sled and climb up with a Dainty Mabel, your face and your figure so

Your rosy red lips and that silken soft hair, Your rosy red lips and that sliken soft hair,
Still run through my memory, though the
half is not said;
And I wish you were here and I had back
the sled.
Lack of fame and great fortune I would not Were you fast in my arms on that hillside

MRS. LOGAN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Joys of the Day in Her Father's House Long Years Ago. With me the memory of the Christmas holidays of my child and girlhood will ever be one of the most sacred and sweet of my life, from the larks of the school children, when I was one of them, in barring in or out the teacher till he or she gave us a holiday and a treat, to the blessed Christmas morning when we all flew into father and mother's room screaming "Merry Christmas!" to find the 13 pairs of well-filled stockings hanging round the broad old fireplace, and to receive the warm embraces of those revered and indulgent parents. I can never forget the happy hours that

followed in displaying our treasures, nor coming to the table to see father and mother open the numberless packages that we used to prepare for them! The hours that we brothers and sisters spent in planning and executing our sur-prises for mother, father and each other, with the merry episodes, mishaps and suc-cesses and pleasures, will cling to us ever-

The madeap fun we used to have, sleigh riding, and the merry dancing and candy pulling with the troops of boys and girls that were our friends!

How well we remember the sparkling wood fire in the ample old fireplace, with rows of apples toasting before it, the great dishes of popcorn, popped in a covered kettle, so white and fresh and tender; the sweet, rich nuts and the crystal cider for the evenings when we assembled in each

others' homes for a good time and to play some time been given a drum by his games of forfeit and chance:
For genuine pleasure those times have dearest friend and closest confident-his father? The drum that I received then was almost as large as I, and the very first use to which I put it was that of a steplad-der. My ambition at that moment was to reach the lofty altitude of an arm chair. never been surpassed by the stately occa-sions of maturer years, and more than once our heart has longed for those happy days.

The custom of ceremonious calls on New
Year's Day did not obtain with us till later The drumhead, however, refused to sus-tain me, and I fell through with a bang. years, but the day was not allowed to pass without celebration, usually with a dinner party and dancing in the evening, and always with closing up of the accounts of the old year and beginning the new with many resolves that were broken and forbefore the ides of many months had

cued me from my predicament is still a bright spot in my recollection. I remember very distinctly a story that my father once told me about an incident of his own boyhood. I had climbed upon his knee one Christmas eve and asked for it. 'What is the first Christmas that you reember?" was my question.

member?" was my question.

"Oh, it is a very long time ago," answered my father. "Your grandfather gave a dinner to his old friend, Daniel Webster. Although I was scarcely out of dresses I had been entrusted by the butler with the very responsible function of decanting the Maderia. The manner in which I performed to the state of the second sec event which at that time fills the public formed the task was revealed later on, when the great statesman, after sipping his wine in evident dismay, suddenly said: 'McClellan, you were always noted for the Hall, Northumberland, a girl of 9 years excellence of your Madeira, but this is the most extraordinary wine I ever tasted. I the great interest of the day-the sufferings hope the spirit of Dan Webster has forgiven me. In my zeal I had mixed the sherry with with the British army in Cabul. I had heard his best Madeira." Another incident which I have to recall,

the frozen pass of Khoord-Cabul. I had followed in imagination the heroic death of the army who perished to a man there amid its hunger, cold and treachery, and of the women and children who as hostages and prisoners were hurried from fort to fort while Generals Sale and Pollock and Sir Richmond Shakespeare were forcing the Khubar D. very late enjoying the happiness of Christ-mas eve, and hearing the bells I opened the window to listen to them. Directly be-neath me I espied my father, who was looking out of the window, too.
"Hello!" I cried. "What are you doing;
trying to catch cold?"
"Hello, boy!" he answered. "I always

like to hear Christmas bells, for I feel so grateful to our God that he made the day a ossibility."

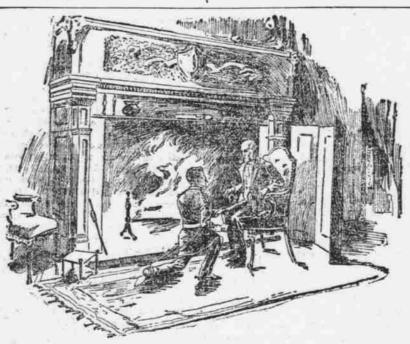
I have never forgotten that remark and the reverent manner in which it was ut-tered. The crisp night air and the ringing chimes impressed it vividly upon my mem-ory. That dear, good friend, my father, speaks to me yet in those words, even though he, has gone to be with Him who made Christmas a possibility. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

ecretary Charles Foster Tells of the Merry Christmas Ce'ebrations of His Boyhood -The Pies His Mother Baked -A Frolic of Thirty-Six Hours.

Christmas is the one day in the year which above all others should be the occasion of family reunious and general rejoicing. It is the mid-winter festival when we should celebrate the fact that we are alive. I doubt if there be a man living to-day who, having attained the ripeness of middle age, does not look back upon the simple manner in which Christmas was celebrated 30 or 40 years ago and compare it to the present de-cade very much to the disadvantage of the

The pleasantest Christmas I ever passed was at my old home in Ohio when I was a boy, with no idea of the honors and responsibilities of life. I remember one occasion



LET ME SEE YOUR FACE

looked at the stranger, and when he raised himself from the hearth he said: "Who are Then the man looked at his master, looked straight into his eyes, and the 'Squire trem-bled and went closer. "Let me see you," he said hoarsely. "Let me see your face!" And the new man said, softly:

And the 'Squire told us that something within him laughed joyously, and that he felt as if it was growing dark, but that in the shadows he heard a voice saying, "Father, torgive me!" and that then he had to speak, and the words, the only words he could say were:- "Forgive thee, Willy! I forgave thee many a year ago!" and with that he came to himself fully and he was sitting in his chair and a fine young eavalry officer was kneeling at his knee and the servant in the smock frock had disappeared, and he asked, quickly, "Where is my Willy?"

Then he found out that Willy had only put on the smock frock to see if Willy would be welcome for Willy's own sake for he had become a great soldier, and had been with Sale and Pollock, and had taken his full share in all the brave deeds that had been done that famous year in India.

The company were dancing "Money musk" under the holly and mistletoe boughs when the 'Squire and his handsome son came into their presence again. And all the lovely young girls looked at him, and some of the married women, remembering his face, broke the dance up with a glad cry, and surrounded both the father and the son with noisy joy. But I noticed that Willy very soon passed to the side of the beautiful Adelaide Plessy and said something to her in a whisper, and she smiled at him for reply and gave him her hand. And after that Chistmas really began, and the singing and dancing and feasting and frolicking that had been only a social necessity became something very much different and very much happier.

few months since I met a gray haired woman who had been my companion at Broom, and she recalled with me every emotion and event, and added: "Yes, they were married, Willy and Adelaide, and though some of us have been but poorly used since, as far as I know they lived happily ever afterward." AMELIA E. BARR.

It is forty-nine years ago, and yet but

THREE CHRISTMAS TALES.

corge B, McClellan's First Drum and the Funny Accident That Befell It-Spoiling the Wine for Daniel Webster - Th Merry Christmas Bells.

Christmas! What a flood of memories he word revives. To tell of the happiest Christmas I ever experienced is almost an impossibility-there were so many happy ones when my father was alive to teach me how to enjoy them. The first Christmas that I remember seems now like a scene from a long-forgotten comedy. I was a very little boy then, but the day is impressed upon my memory by a mishap never to be forgotten. Who has not

when the sleighing was excellent-it was about the winter of '49-'50, I think-when we were all together at the old home. Nothing can ever efface the memory of that day from my mind, for to us it began on the evening before and ended the morning after December 25,

I can see the old kitchen now where we spent Christmas Eve together, cracking nuts, pulling candy, with a pitcher of mulled eider on the table, while the smoke begrimed walls and ceiling of the quaint old room rang with laughter and lighthearted frolic. There was, of course, the usual contingent of fiddles—we never called them violins in those days-and when the nuts were cracked and the candy pulled the calling to her, my heart save a great leap floor was cleared and tun ran riot in that and then stood still—the carriage was old house until nearly daylight. danced, we sang, we told stories, we played the good old-fashioned kissing games like what happened. I can only recail the "Snan-and-Catch-'em," "The Needle's frautic rush through the woods, screaming "Snan-and-Catch-'em," "The Needle's Eye," "Postoffice" and a dozen others that I have forgotten, and the old folks enjoyed them just as much as the young ones. It was nearly davlight when we went to

I remember that there were a few simple presents exchanged, but in those days such things were given more as mementos than for the purpose of demonstrating the status of the donor's fortune, as seems to be the custom now. The presents that pleased me most on the occasion to which I refer were a pair of suspenders from my father and some soft, thick mittens from my mother. The morning was spent in talking over the glorious time of the preceding night and in laughing, chatting, playing jokes and

Then dinner! What a gathering it was, to be sure! The table in ordinary use was not half large enough to sent the company or to accommodate the viands, and our ingenuity was put to the test to make it larger. What a dinner it was! There was wild turkey, 'coon, rabbit pie and 'possum, with vegetables galore, mulled cider, tea and coffee and such pies as only a man's mother ever succeeded in manufacturing. I don't think a woman ever learns to make a pie until she has a son

who is old enough to appreciate it. After dinner nobody wanted to move; everybody had eaten too much. Gradually, however, digestion got in its work and we came to life again. In the middle of the afternoon we boys got the horses and sleighs ready. That consisted in filling the boxes with straw and buffalo robes, placing the boxes on traverse sleds and hitching four horses to each outfit. Then we went from house to house, picking up all the boys and girls in the neighborhood and piling them into the boxes pell-mell.

I can hear those sleigh bells now-some of them were cow bells to be sure—I can hear the shouts of laughter, the singing, the witty sayings; I can feel the fun of that day to this hour. What a ride we had, covering about 20

miles! One rig was overturned in a snow bank, and it looked for an instant as though a dozen enterprising barbers had begun business in that region. We dug the girls out, however, put them back in their sleigh and drove on, happy, merry, full of life and

energy.

We reached our destination about dark.

It was a large hall that had been warmed for us, and there, to the scraping of fiddles, the rattle of bones and the plunk of banjos, we danced and frolicked nearly all night. There was a supper, too, of baked heans, cold turkey, cold 'coon, bread and butter, pie—such pie—and hot coffee.

It was broad daylight when we got home. That Christmas was 36 hours long, and i was the happiest one I ever spent.

NERO AND THE BABY.

Edith Sessions Tupper Tells of a Fright She Got One Christmas Day-A Big Dog Was a Child's Guardian Angel-A Pretty

CHARLES FOSTER

I think the happiest Christmas of my life holidays at my old home in the country. We were preparing for a genuine old-fashioned family Christmas, with turkey, plum pudding, mince pies, tree and presents galore. All the sisters, brothers and cousins were there; a delightful air of expectancy brooded over everything; mysterious whispers and a continual exchange of confidences were going on.

The altogether most delighful feature of the occasion was the presence of little Eleanore, the first baby of the entire circle, who was bowed down to and worshiped by uncles, aunts and cousins. She was a lovely child; not a beauty, but winsome and charming, brim full of mischief and possessing quaint little ways all her own.

She was just beginning to talk, and her funny little gibberish was a never ceasing fund of amusement. Of course she was greatly interested in the Christmas prepara-tions, and watched the arrangement of the

the matines performance on Christmas was a medical student in a large university Day. Our meeting was a joyous one indeed, and we spent the time between the matinee and evening performance in re-

ance my friend mate a wager.

"Now, Neil, you play in Boston next Christmas Day, I believe," said he. "Well, I'll invite you to a spread at Del's on that day, and I'll bet you don't keep the engagement, and it's only a short run from Boston to New York at that."

Not for a moment thinking of my mati-nee performance in Boston, and the short time that would leave me for a run to New York, I at once made the bet, naming my was brought me by a baby and a cog. It own hour, 7:30 A. M., for our breakfast. I was a curious story. I was spending the agreed, if I failed to keep my appointment, on the following Christmas Day, the one we are now approaching, to lay covers for my friend and ten others he might name.

Did I keep the appointment?

Of course I did. I left Boston at mid-

night last Christmas Eve, and was at Delonico's at 7:30 o'clock sharp to meet my

Did I enjoy the repast? Of course I did. It was the best that gold could procure. But I didn't leave Delmonico's till it was too late to catch my ex-press. Every moment I staved in New York lessened the possibility of my playing that matinee in Boston. A Christmas Day matinee is worth for the "County Fair" in Boston about \$1,000, and then, too, I would not have disappointed my audience for five times \$1,000 on a Christmas Day. I had arranged to make the matinee hour 3 o'clock, as a matter of business.

I chartered an engine from the consoli-dated railroad, and at half-past 9 left the Grand Central depot to make the Boston Theater at 3 o'clock or a quarter-past 3 evergreens and wreaths with childish de- | o'clock at the latest. We were following



THERE LAY BABY AND THE DOG.

light. There was another interested spectator that was ever with her-Nero-a great, ugly-faced mastiff. He was a severe sort of dog, having great regard for his personal dignity and allowing very few familiarities. But that blessed baby was his tyrant. She rode him. She pulled his ears and tail; she fell asleep with her curry, blond head pillowed on his side, and Nero bore all with a resigned stoicism which was sublime. He constituted himself her body guard and followed her constantly.

"We are not going to have evergreens enough for the ceiling," announced Eleanore's pretty mamma, who was chair woman of the Committee on Decoration. "and you, Teddy, must go and get a few more. You are absolutely of no use here, and you might as well help us out."

I grumbled over leaving a glowing open fire and an interesting novel, but there wa-no help for me. I was informed that I could not be an idler and cumberer of the ground at such a time as this. "And you might as well take Eleanor with you," suggested her mother; "the ground is smooth, and it will do you good I do."

"And you might as well take Eleanor I was trying to catch my breath and could scarcely gasp out my reply, "I h-o-p-e so."

o push a baby carriage."
So the child was wrapped in furs and we set out for the woods, quite a mile from the Nero started to attend us. "Go back, sir," I said, stamping my foot. "It's bad enough to take to the woods with a baby, but I will not nave you tagging." He looked at me with an injured expression, but preserving his dignity under these

trying circumstances, returned sadly to the It was a clear, cold, bracing day. There was no snow on the ground, only a slight powdering on fences, twigs and branches. The walk and the exercise of pushing Eleanore's carriage set my cheeks aglow The baby coord and prattled in delight, We entered the pine woods, whose rest breath stole to my senses with refreshing rugrance.

gathered some evergreens, and then suddenly recalling a spot where the red teaberries were wont to grow, I tucked the afghan closer about the child and said:-"Now, darling, sit still here a minute while aunty goes to get some booful berries for the baby."

She laughed and nodded. I left her, look-

ing back and thinking what a picture she was, nestled among her cushions and furs, her dear little face peeping out from her quaint little brown hood. I couldn't have been away from her more than ten minutes. When I came back, my hands filled with teaberries, laughing and

We empty. I have not a distinct remembrance of her name, looking everywhere, until worn out and exhausted, I flung myself on the

ground and burst into tears.
What could I do? How could I ever rebed, but we were up and at it again bright turn to the house and the child's mother? and early Christmas morning just the same. In despair I pictured the scene, the reproaches, the hunt. Ah, where would we find our darling? How would we find her? In agony I started to my feet, hurried back to the empty baby carriage and set out for home. I vaguely noticed that it was nearly sunset. Night coming on, and somewhere in those awful, dim, mysterious woods was a tender little child wandering

alone, suffering, dying, perhaps.

They told me afterward that when I staggered into the house I was like a dead woman. I could not speak, but pointed silently to the empty carriage. And then someone—was it Eleanore's mother?—mercifully took me by the hand and led me into the parlor. The tree was a thing of beauty, a-glitter with dainty banbles, tapers and tovs. They were all there in a group, surveying it-and there on the fur rug, fore the glowing, open fire, lay a big, black, dignified dog, and with her head pillowed on his shoulder, fast a leep—Eleanore!
"Why! why! how!" I stammered; and then, as the room got black and everybody

seemed floating away, someone said:
"Don't, Teddy, dear! It was all right.
Nero brought her home. We were only worried shout you. And some way I found myself on the rug, my arms about the buby and the dog, weep ing like a child from very happiness and gratitude.

That was a happy Christmas. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

A FAST RIDE FOR A WAGER.

How Neil Burgess Almost Lost His Life to Win a Dinner He Will Eat To-Day-Speed of a Chartered Engine-The Accidents.

A red letter Christmas Day in my existnce was one year ago. I will remember it the longest day I live, for in a race to win a bet I nearly lost my life. It happened like this:

Two years ago, when the "County Fair" was on at Union Square Theater, New York, I met an old boyhood friend after miseries of boarding house life. My friend

the express and the track was kept clear for us right through.
"If we can catch that express I'll put you

sboard and lay over at New Haven," said the engineer as we flew along. "But she's 30 minutes ahead?" "True," he replied, "but there is a possibility of her getting a hot box and lagging a little on the way. She is heavily loaded with Christmas homegoers and won't make time. I'll try it anyway."

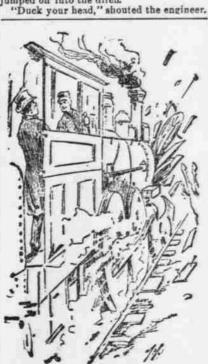
I have heard of fast runs made by old Commodore Vanderbilt and other famous railroaders, and I have ridden on fast trains myself all over the world, but that engine didn't seem to touch the rails at all. I almost imagined her cutting across lots through the woods and barren fields; my head was dizzy, but I clung to the cab seat

and caught an occasional breath.
"We'll catch the express at New Haren," said the smiling engineer as he pat-ted the lever of his elegant machine. "We'll catch the express."
I was trying to catch my breath and could

As we were nearing Milford, a town about 20 miles from New Haven, our mishaps be gan. First we tossed a horse over a ten-loot lence, and then, near West Haven, we smashed a farmer's wagon. The farmer's horse balked just clear of the track, and he wouldn't budge, even when we whizzed down upon him. The farmer jumped just

in time. We sned on, for we had not taken life, and I ventured to gasp out: "How much will this trip cost me?" "You're alive, ain't you?" sang out the engineer as he ordered his feeder to shovel

in more coal. Five miles from New Haven we sighted a handcar on the track ahead. We had just passed a curve and couldn't stop in time. We whistled and whistled, and the car men jumped off into the ditch.



"Now, Duck Your Head."

We ploughed through that big hand car loaded with tools and railroad parapher-nalia. Axes and crowbars flew about that cab, and the cannonade Issted, it seemed to me, fully two minutes. All the glass in the cab was shattered, and what was left of the car was scattered about the fields. We had to stop this time to make some needed re-pairs. The collision had nearly thrown the engine off the track, but the great speed at which we were running saved us.

Did I catch the express?
Yes, sir'ee. The train was delayed st
New Haven, and I setually had time for
luncheon there. I bought a couple of bottles for that engineer—the coolest man I ever met. If we had run into a river I really believe he would have quietly sung

"Say, duck your head, we're in for it." I received the bill the next day, but won't say how much it cost me to settle it. Christmas Day I take dinner with mylfriend in New York, and instead of paying for ten of his friends he pays for ten of mine. NEIL BURGESS.

GO HOME ON CHRISTMAS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Tells a Tale of Boarding House and Dissecting Room That Has a Moral-An Artist Spoils a Day.

We were in a city whose name is of no consequence, at a boarding house whose address I have long since torgotten-two young women, sufficiently familiar with dear and comfortable homes, and, fortunately or unfortunately, strangers to the

whose code of honor admitted women cor dially and graduated them well trained. I was there for several reasons, not for the matinee and evening performance in recalling anecdotes and events of our youth
and is discussing theatrical matters, for my
friend had become a manager of consideraghastly mysteries I had and have to this ble reputation. After a bird and our last bottle preparatory to the night's performance my friend made a wager.

"Now, Neil, you play in Boston next Christmas Day, I believe," said he. "Well, I'll invite you to a spread at Del's on that was to share our crile—and decided by a manufacture of the material of the materi majority of two against one to sacrifice our majority of two against one to sacrifice our vacation, spend Christmas in the boarding house, and by working steadily through the recess finish the anatomical task which frowned before us. The dog pleaded for the country—for the great white house, the blazing open fires the dear faces, the pure, fine air, the big garden, the sweep of snow-lit fields, the glorious horizon, and the sleighrides through the wooded roads and dipping hills of Andover. But we sternly took the hand of duty, or the thing which bore that aspect to our minds, and comtort-ed the dog for his misfortune in belonging

to such conscientious women, and promised him a Christmas dinner of fried liver, and tried to forget how it looked in Andover, and resolutely staved by "the subject." It was a poor little pauper Irish girl, I remembered—lawful "material." Nobody had claimed her till the proper time was over, and now, by the mysterious law of sacrifice, it fell to her lot, as the last act of her unknown earthly story, to teach the solemn science of life and death to this more fortunate woman. Years, afterward hundreds of suffering women called her blessed who compassed her rare power as a healer—I like to think—partly by the help of that Irish pauper girl and by the surrender of those lost holidays. We sent off the Christmas packages and

wished we, too, could be tied up and ex-pressed home prepaid, and sighed or cried ourselves to sleep according to our nature, and woke, and it was Christmas morning, and the big boarding house was astir, tramping restlessly and homelessly up and down stairs—and where were the dear, the dearest voices, wishing that our Christmas

might be merry and our souls at peace?
We came down to breaklast with aching hearts, but smiling faces, as in holy duty bound. All the boarders were up, as we say, by which we mean that they were down, all but one, an artist, not yet visible. He bore an ancient and distinguished family name, but he was not very popular in our boarding house, one could hardiv say why. Our landlady's daughter, a pretty, gentle girl, had ingeniously contrived to lay some little gift at every plate upon the long table. She was pleased with the flutter of kind words and thanks which greeted he thoughtful effort to give to so many exiled

people a sense of home, and her young face flushed with pleasure.

As we sat there chatting and smiling and warming each other's homesick hearts and hers as well as we could for Christmas' sake, the late boarder came down.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. ——!" cried the landlady's daughter. She turned her sweet face toward him with a happy, trustful look. He stood for a moment black as a cyclone. Then he broke forth: "Merry Christmas I should say! It's cold enough in my room to freeze out--"
He mentioned a place to which one is

not in the habit of alluding on Christmas Day, and flung himself down to his breakfast amid a silence such as a man might re-call with a pang upon his dying day. That night when I drew the curtain I stood for awhile and looked with less than the usual shudder at the piazza roof where

the Irish girl's heart, in a jar of alcohol, rested in the cold moonlight, painless and calm. And I said:-"Child of ignorance, sleep well. You have served a nobler end than any man who trains his hand to sacred art while his un-educated soul is grovelling in blasphemy!"

And from that day to this I have prayed a separate holiday prayer: "For all persons doomed to board at Christmas time!" Then, now and forever, it is by what we lose that we learn to value what we have. From that breakfast hour to this I have known how to add to my Litany, "Bless God for home on Christmas Day!" And thus ends the moral of this brief tale-Holday Law. If you are in a home stay there. If you have any to go to go there, and thank heaven and pray pardon for your souls, if, out of madness, or of folly, or of that ignorance which is a compound of both, you

obey not this sacred clause in life's long ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

JOYS OF THE FATHER.

Speaker Crisp Tells of the Pleasure of Playing Santa Claus for His Little Ones -Music of Childish Voices at Peep of Christmas Day,



Charles F. Crim.

are gathered around him enjoying the annual invitation of Santa Claus and the joys he brings to them in so many and such varied forms, My own life has been particularly happy in this respect. and, although shadows intervene now between me and the place where the stock-ings used to hang, I can look back upon those times with the percet conviction that at no period in my existence have I

experienced such perfect joy as when I could hear the prattle of many childish voices at peep of day-voices that were impatiently awaiting sunrise, longing eagerly for the fire to be lighted in the nursery that they might spring from their beds and hasten to see what St. Nicholas had brought for their e njoyment.
There were six of those little folk born to us within ten years. As they stood in line, side by side, their little heads formed the stepl dder to happiness over which any father's fancy might climb with that calm

enjoyment which supersedes every other

worldly pleasure.

Every Christmas Eve was a gala time in our house then. It was a delight to contemplate their eagerness and innocence, to answer their multitudinous questions, to indulge them in their raptures of expectation, to administer to the fond fancies which are all in all to child life, all in all to the fathers and mothers of such children. It was no small task to induce the little ones to retire Christmas Eve, but when at last they were asleep the joys that I experienced in playing the part of Santa Claus and in filling each little stocking with longed-for toys were greater, I know, than any that can ever come to me again.

Now, even though sadness is mixed with that precious season of the year, it will ever remain a glorious event to me, for with it comes the memory of the days that were. My own boyhood sinks into insig-nificance in the contempiation of the happy faces, rosy cheeks, eager voices and light footsteps I have seen and heard around my

own fireside among my own children.

The father and mother of a family should be the happiest people in the world at Christmas time, even though some of the merry voices may have been stilled by the langes which time invokes, but when the children are all there, laughing, dancing, shouting, singing, running, stamping, blow-ing borns and whistles and pounding drums, words utterly fail to depict the some of happiness a parent feels; the heart falters and is dumb when joy such as this becomes

its portion.

The happiest Christmas days I ever lived were with my own children, when I knew them to be happy. CHARLES F. CHISP.

Can You Punctuate This? A correspondent of the New York Sus, of late date, says, print these four lines without punctuation and no one would believe them, yet rightly punctuated they are trues

Every lady in every land line twenty balls on each hand five and twenty on hands and feet This is true without deceil.